PREVIOUSLY

Unfettered by the yoke of colonization, the African warrior nation of WAKANDA flourished and became a high-tech, resource-rich, ecologically-sound paradise—one that makes the rest of the world seem primitive in comparison. Ruling over this kingdom are the BLACK PANTHER and his queen, STORM.

At the conclusion of America's super hero civil war, T'Challa and Ororo found themselves in desperate straits: on the losing side of the fray, at odds with Wakanda's ruling council, and without an embassy in the United States. However, their luck seemed to change when Reed Richards and Sue Storm offered the couple residence in the Baxter Building and their places in the Fantastic Four.

Desperate to keep a Negative Zone monster who had invaded the Baxter Building from running loose in New York City, T'Challa took a risk and used the unreliable magic of King Solomon's golden frogs to take the fight elsewhere. While the gamble did pay off and the team was able to extract the bug from the Baxter Building, they ended up somewhere far more perilous: a Skrull homeworld under attack. Now, the new Fantastic Four is joining forces with the Skrull army in hopes of repelling the invasion mounted by a group of familiar-looking zombies...

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FROM BAD TO WORSE PART 2 OF 3

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WRITER	PENCILS & INKS	COLORS	LETTERS	COVER	ASSISTANT EDITOR	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

THIS WAS ALL A RUSE TO REVEAL OUR LOCATION! THE BLACK PANTHER HAS SIGNALED HIS CANNIBAL COMRADES TO ATTACK OUR BUNKER!
GENERAL...IF WE DON'T UNIFY OUR EFFORTS, WE WILL SURELY DIE!

I DON'T THINK THEY'RE LISTENING, PAL.
ZAP
CHOOII
ZAP
BACK UP OR GET *FRIED!*
SEE! THEY ARE FORCING US INTO THE MAW OF THE MONSTER!
BARBEQUE OR ROTISSERIE, IT'S ALL GOOD TO ME. LONG AS IT'S STILL RED ON THE INSIDE.
THIS IS DISGUSTING. WE HAVE TO STOP THAT MONSTER FROM EATING MORE PEOPLE.
IF HIS *UNIFORM* IS ANY INDICATION, I DON'T KNOW IF ANYTHING SHORT OF THE *ULTIMATE NULLIFIER* WILL DO SO.
BUT WE CAN DISTRACT HIM. WE NEED A WIDESPREAD ATTACK THAT HE CAN'T COUNTER WITH A SIMPLE BEAM-BLAST.

YA MEAN--
RRRRRRRRRIP
--LIKE THIS?
SMASH!
THANK YOU, BEN. I HAVE IT FROM HERE--
WHOOOOOOOOSH
--WITH THE WIND OF A HURRICANE!
HEY!

YOU KNOW, THAT WAS REALLY ANNOYING.
IF I WEREN'T RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY, THAT WOULD'VE RUINED A REALLY GOOD MEAL.
LUKE! IT'S YOUR FRIEND, T'CHALLA! WHAT HAS *HAPPENED* TO YOU? HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?
T'CHALLA!? WE WERE WONDERING WHERE YOU WERE-- I MEAN, TO *EAT* YOU.
HEY, IS THAT JOHNNY AND BEN? DID YOU GUYS GET CURED OR SOMETHING? WHAT'S UP?
WHAT ARE YOU TALK--
YES, I FOUND A *CURE*. AND I CAN HELP YOU, TOO, LUKE.
C'MON, T'CHALLA! DON'T HUSTLE A HUSTLER! NO DISRESPECT, BUT IF REED RICHARDS, TONY STARK AND BRUCE BANNER COULDN'T COME UP WITH ONE, HOW THE HELL DID *YOU* DO IT?

IN FACT, CONSIDERING YOU'RE HERE, AT THE BUTT-END OF THE UNIVERSE, WITH NO REAL CLUE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING ON EARTH, PUTS ME IN A WHOLE OTHER MINDSET ANYWAY.
AND YOU ALWAYS SAID LUKE WAS DUMB.
THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!
BESIDES, IN *THIS* UNIVERSE MAYBE HE READ A BOOK OR TWO.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, GENERAL?
HUSH!
SO, IF YOU ARE THE UNLUCKIEST DIMENSION TRAVELERS EVER, TELL ME: *HOW'D* YOU DO IT AND WHERE'S THE DEVICE?
ALL-OUT ATTACK IN 5, 4, 3, 2...

ONE!

HAS ANY WEAPON WORKED YET? THEY KEEP COMING!
THEY'RE COMING! RUUUUUUUUUN!
WHAT'S WRONG, SOLDIER BOYS? YA SEEMED SO TOUGH WHEN I WAS A MILE AWAY.
BUT NOW YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR--
--SKRULL-KEBOB!

C'MON, YOU COULDN'T THINK OF A BETTER HIDING PLACE THAN THAT?
I DIDN'T EVEN NEED MY COSMIC ABILITIES TO FIND YOU. OR EVEN SPIDEY-SENSE. I SAW YOUR FEET!
DON'T THEY HAVE A VERSION OF HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK HERE? YOU GUYS NEED TO STEP YOUR GAME UP!
NOT THAT IT WOULD HELP. WITH GREAT POWER...
CHOMP
...COMES GREAT HUNGER!

HIS APPETITE IS INSATIABLE, SIR!
MIGHTY BIG WORD FOR A PRIVATE.
ACTUALLY, I HAVE AN ADVANCED DEGREE IN--
HEY!
YOU GO TALK TO HIM. MAYBE YOU CAN REASON WITH HIM.
G-G-G-GREETINGS, ALIEN CREATURE. ON BEHALF OF SKRULL HIGH COMMAND, I HAVE BEEN DESIGNATED TO--

SHADDUP! YOU SEE ME EATING HERE?

COVER THE REAR, SERGEANT! I MUST REPORT MY FINDINGS TO HIGH COMMAND!
EXCUSE ME, GENERAL. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE DESERTING YOUR COMMAND.
AND WHO ARE YOU TO REPRIMAND ME? A DEAD MAN OF INCONSEQUENTIAL RANK!
YOU AND ME BOTH, SIR.

THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
OH NO... ANOTHER ONE!
AND IT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!!!
HEY, HUNT YOUR OWN!
SMAK

WHAM
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?
THIS BUG NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT THE PECKING ORDER AROUND HERE.
YEAH, I'LL JOIN YOU IN THE BUTT-KICKING IN A MINUTE.
YEAH, GOOD CALL. I'LL THINK BETTER *AFTER* I EAT...

OKAY, WE'RE OUT...NOW WHERE?
MY SHIP IS OVER THERE.
THAT'S BAD. TWENTY SECONDS EARLIER THAN I THOUGHT.
KERUNCH
HOLD HIM BACK!
YES, SIR!
THAT'S A SUICIDE MISSION!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO LYJA!

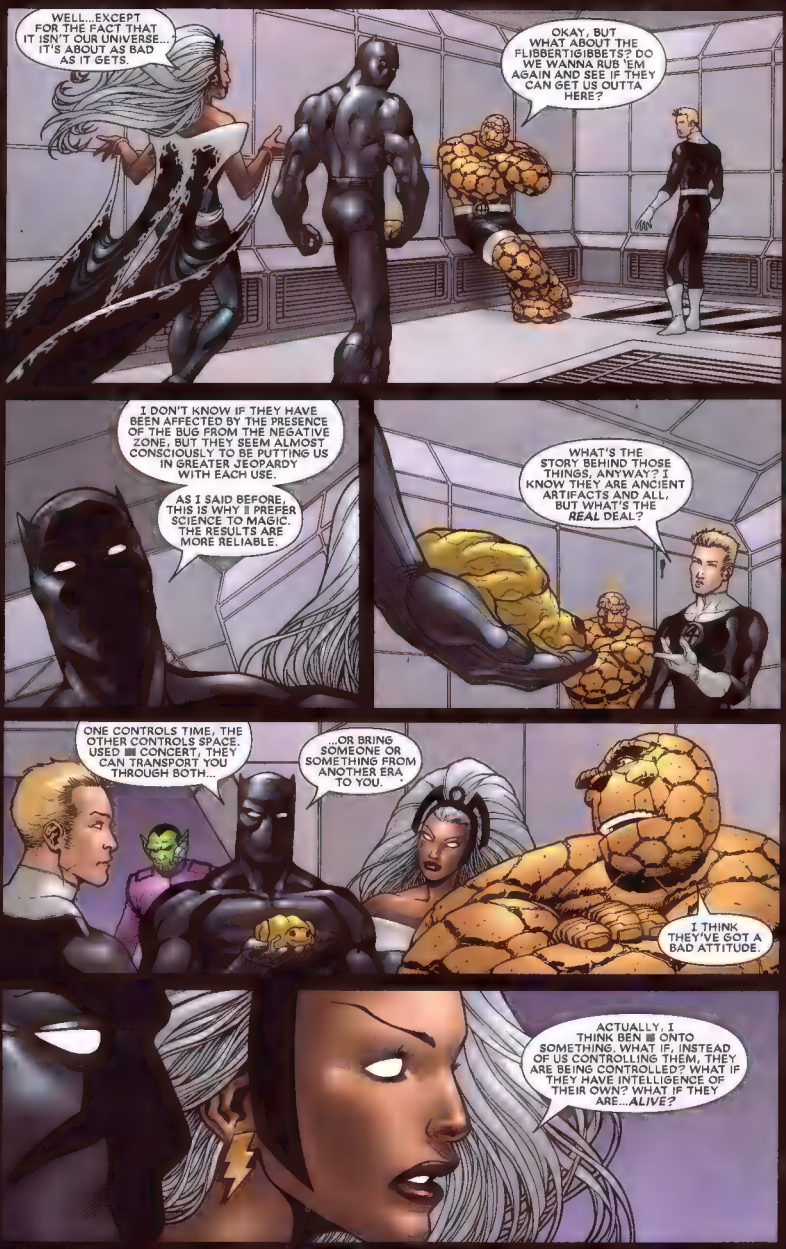
THEY ARE SOLDIERS AT MY COMMAND.
AND IF THIS PLANET IS GOING TO SURVIVE--I NEED YOUR HELP.
I AM NOT THE GIRL YOU KNOW. AND THIS IS MY DUTY.
YOU KNOW SHE'S RIGHT.
YEAH, BUT STILL...
YOU GUYS ACTUALLY CAME BACK? I LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM!
SEE YOU SOON!

OOOOOOOH. I KNOW THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL US A HALF HOUR AGO. BUT NOBODY DESERVES... THAT.
THE WHOLE UNIVERSE MAY FACE THAT FATE IF WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO STOP THEM!
SINCE YOU CREATED YOUR OWN VERSION OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, I PRESUME YOU HAVE COMMUNICATION DEVICES TO AT LEAST OBSERVE EARTH.
OUR MOST POWERFUL DEVICES WERE ■ OUR COMMAND CENTER--WHICH WE JUST *DESTROYED*-- AND IN OUR ORBITING MOTHERSHIP, BUT WE DO HAVE SOME CAPACITIES ONBOARD THIS CRAFT.
WE ARE RELAYING OUR SIGNAL THROUGH A SERIES OF OUTPOSTS BETWEEN HERE AND EARTH. I DON'T KNOW IF WE WILL BE ABLE TO REACH ANYONE, BUT WE CAN CERTAINLY AT LEAST OBSERVE...
EVERYONE WE LOVE COULD BE GONE.
THAT IS THE MOST LIKELY SCENARIO.

THIS IS THE BLACK PANTHER. WHO IS THIS?
THIS IS... T'CHALLA, THE BLACK PANTHER.
THIS IS STRANGE.
ALTERNATE UNIVERSE.
BIG TIME.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, BELOVED--- OH!
BELOVED, THIS IS A BLACK PANTHER FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE, I PRESUME.
A WORLD... WHERE YOU MARRIED STORM?
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW THE FEELING... BUT WE ALL HAVE BIGGER ISSUES TO ADDRESS NOW.

HMPH. CAGE, HAVE A NICE TRIP?
HAW HAW! THE HULK JUST OWNED YOU, MAN!
JUST LET IT GO, CAGE. I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND MESSING WITH HULK.
WHATEVER. I USED UP ALL MY "SHREK AND YOUR MOMMA" JOKES WHEN WE CROSSED ALPHA CENTAURI.
WE HAD AN AGREEMENT, CAGE. NO SOLO RAIDS. THAT WAY EVERYBODY GETS THEIR FAIR SHARE.
EXCUSE ME, DO I LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A DAMN WHAT YOU THINK, STARK?
OH! NICE ONE, CAGE! I'M LITERALLY BUSTING A GUT LAUGHING!
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU, YOU STREET THUG !!! A TIARA!
ZZAAAAAT

ZZZAAAT
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART, TONY. WE ALL GOT THE POWER COSMIC NOW, AND YOU AIN'T PACKING ANYTHING EXTRA, LIKE THE COCK DIESEL HULK.
ZZZAAAT
YOU'RE JUST A SAWED-OFF, OILY, LITTLE TRUST-FUND BRAT IN A TIN CAN.
I USE'TA GANK PUNKS LIKE YOU FOR FUN AND LUNCH MONEY.


WELL...EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT ISN'T OUR UNIVERSE... IT'S ABOUT AS BAD AS IT GETS.
OKAY, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FLIBBERTIGIBBETS? DO WE WANNA RUB 'EM AGAIN AND SEE IF THEY CAN GET US OUTTA HERE?
I DON'T KNOW IF THEY HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE BUG FROM THE NEGATIVE ZONE, BUT THEY SEEM ALMOST CONSCIOUSLY TO BE PUTTING US IN GREATER JEOPARDY WITH EACH USE.
AS I SAID BEFORE, THIS IS WHY I PREFER SCIENCE TO MAGIC. THE RESULTS ARE MORE RELIABLE.
WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THOSE THINGS, ANYWAY? I KNOW THEY ARE ANCIENT ARTIFACTS AND ALL, BUT WHAT'S THE *REAL* DEAL?
ONE CONTROLS TIME, THE OTHER CONTROLS SPACE. USED ■ CONCERT, THEY CAN TRANSPORT YOU THROUGH BOTH...
...OR BRING SOMEONE OR SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER ERA TO YOU.
I THINK THEY'VE GOT A BAD ATTITUDE.
ACTUALLY, I THINK BEN ■ ONTO SOMETHING. WHAT IF, INSTEAD OF US CONTROLLING THEM, THEY ARE BEING CONTROLLED? WHAT IF THEY HAVE INTELLIGENCE OF THEIR OWN? WHAT IF THEY ARE...*ALIVE?*

ALL RIGHT, HAND IT OVER.
AW, YOU'RE KIDDING US, RIGHT? DIDN'T WE DO THIS MORE THAN ONCE? HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO BEAT THE TAR OUTTA YA BEFORE YOU GET IT?
THIS WORLD IS DOOMED. WE NEED THE DEVICE TO ESCAPE!
WHAT YOU NEED...
...IS POWER TO RUN THE SHIP.
AND I JUST SHUT IT DOWN. NOW PREPARE FOR A CRASH LANDING.
CRASH!!

YOU KNOW, IRON MAN IS GONNA KICK YOUR BUTT WHEN HE GETS BACK.
KICK IT? HE'S GONNA *KISS* IT. AFTER ALL, WE'VE EATEN ALMOST EVERYBODY ON THIS PLANET BY NOW.
SO? WHAT DOES *THAT* HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
WHAT IF I SAID INSTEAD OF US FLYING AROUND THE GALAXY LOOKING FOR OUR NEXT MEAL, WE COULD GO TO A PLANET JUST LIKE EARTH, FULL OF PEOPLE TO EAT?
BETTER NOT BE *TEASING* HULK!
THOSE HUMANS WE SAW EARLIER, LOOKED LIKE FOLKS WE ATE BACK HOME? THEY'RE FROM *ANOTHER DIMENSION*, SO WE FORCE THEM TO TELL US HOW THEY GOT HERE, REVERSE THE PROCESS, AND IT'S A GRAND BUFFET ALL OVER AGAIN!
CAGE! I *KNEW* YOU WERE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK!

JOHNNY... A LIGHT?
GREAT FLYING, ORORO. YOUR WIND CONTROL GAVE US AS GENTLE A LANDING AS WE COULD HAVE ASKED FOR.
THANK YOU, DEAR.
IS EVERYONE OKAY?
WE'RE DOING BETTER THAN THOSE JOKERS!
RRRR

WHO SCANNED IT?

WHO CARES?

No one gives a crap who the scanner is except the scanner so stop worrying and just scan!

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